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The Christmas Wood

A Play for Children

In Two Acts

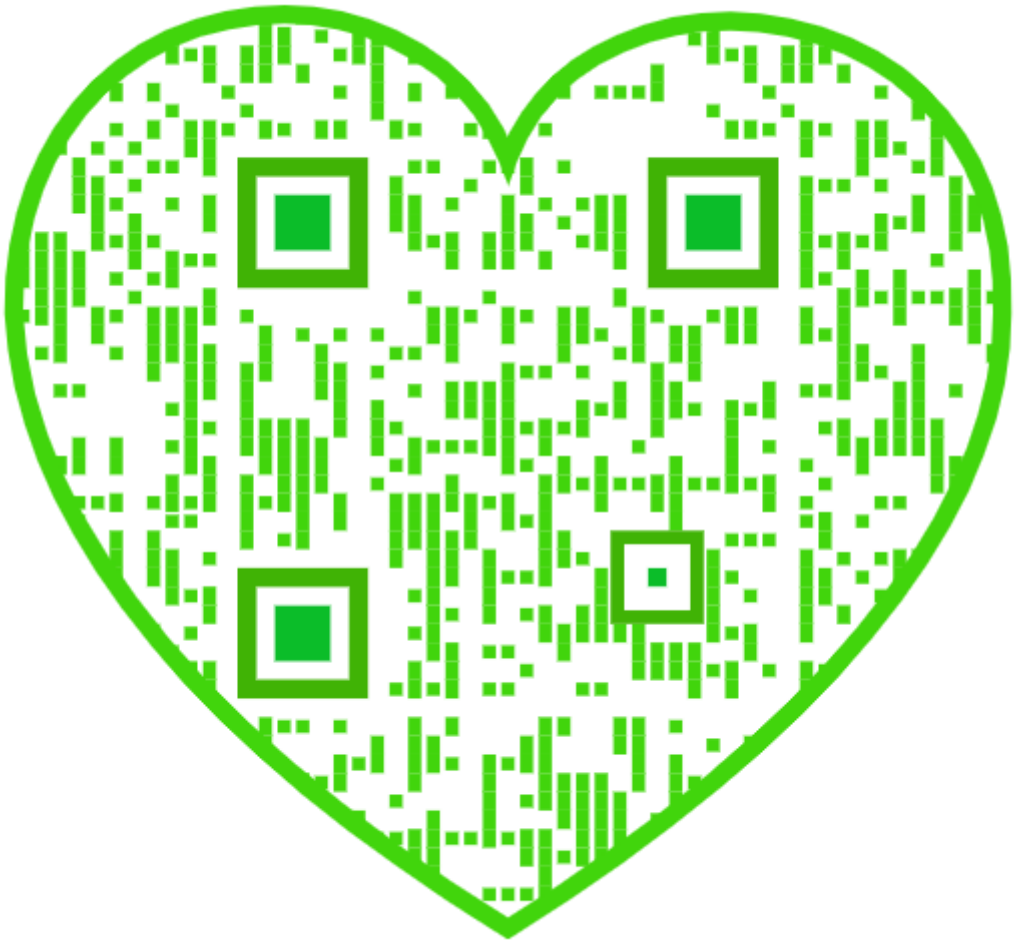
By

ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL

Price 30 cents, Postpaid

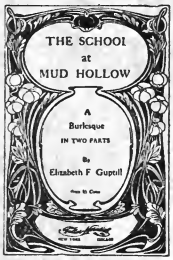
Tullar-Meredith Co.

NEW YORK CHICAGO



NEW PLAYS

By Elizabeth F. Guptill



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PART I. In which is portrayed the difficulties encountered by Miss Arabella Pinkham, who has come to "Mud Hollow" to assume the responsible duties of "Teacher" in the school. In selecting "Mud Hollow" she seeks a change from the city life she is accustomed to, and finds plenty of it in the manners, customs and dialect of the pupils. From start to finish there is nothing but fun.

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"The School at Mud Hollow" may be given in one evening, but for those who would prefer to make two evenings of it, or to give only one part, we offer the same work announced below under the title of *"The New Teacher at Mud Hollow School"* and *"The Last Day at Mud Hollow School"* either of which can be given as a complete entertainment without regard to the other one.

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Two mysterious pieces of paper fall into the hands of the children, one being found by the BOYS and one by the GIRLS. The meaning of the inscription on each remains a mystery until it is discerned that by placing the papers together they have the message that the "Old Witch" of the North has captured "Santa" and holds him in an ice prison at the North Pole. Of course there could be no "Merry Christmas" without their "patron saint", so guided by the "Fairy Godmother" they start for the North Pole to rescue him. The "Old Witch" endeavors to block the rescuers' way by the assistance of "Old Zero" and the "Snow Fairies" but when they learn that the snow drifts they are piling up are to aid in keeping "Santa" from his usual Christmas activities they get the "Sunbeam Fairies" to come to their aid and melt the snow, while they bind with a frozen cord the "Old Witch," who is found indulging in a nap which she takes only once every hundred years. With the "Old Witch" powerless and in their control the Rescue of Santa is an easy matter. Tho' belated somewhat by his enforced stay at the North Pole, the children are glad to become his "aides" in spreading a "Merry Christmas" through all the world. This is a very clever plot, well worked out, and will make a decided hit for the Christmas season. 4 Boys and 5 Girls with any number of Fairies. Time about 1 hour. Price 25 cents.

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NO ENTERTAINMENTS SENT "ON EXAMINATION"

The Christmas Wood

A Play for Children
In Two Acts

By

ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL

PRICES: POSTPAID

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Per Dozen . .	*3.00*

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Characters

Girls of 10 *or* 12 *years*

Mary Lena Grace Marion

Poor little girls of 10 *or* 12 *years*

Mabel Margie Cassie Betty

Goblins. Boys of 10 *or* 12 *years*

Selfishness Greed Envy Thoughtlessness Vanity
Sulkiness Passion Curiosity Falsehood
Disobedience Cruelty Sloth

Girls of 15 *or* 16

Christmas Spirit Love Nightmare

Sprites. Little Girls of 7 *or* 8 *years*

Unselfishness Generosity Good Will Thoughtfulness
Faith Joy Peace Hope Truth
Obedience Mercy Industry

35 Characters. 23 Female, 12 Male

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Costumes

The Little Girls wear simple white dresses. When they go in search of Santa, they put on caps and coats. The dolls should also have wraps.

The Poor Little Girls wear faded calico or gingham dresses, clean, but noticeably patched; old shoes, darned stockings; hair neatly combed, but tied with string. If the shoes are laced ones, lace them with white string.

Nightmare has streaming black hair, a black cap, cut in two points like cat's ears. In the front of the cap is painted a fiery eye. Her long, black robe has a scarlet border coming up unevenly, like flames. The robe is girded in with a scarlet cord. She should be as tall as possible. She carries a switch, and has a large toy spider, fastened to a long, elastic cord, concealed in her bosom. A small black dog, which will go to her when she whistles, is detained behind the scenes till the proper time for his entrance. He should be small enough to be carried. Dragons cut from crepe paper may ornament Nightmare's robe, if liked.

Love wears a robe of white, a girdle of heavy gold tinsel, also a tiara of the tinsel, which must be wired, to keep it in shape. She carries a tall, slender staff, covered with gold tinfoil, and having at the end a large heart of gold. This is made of cardboard, covered with gold tinsel by winding it around the heart. Gold paper can be used to cover the heart, but is not nearly so pretty. Both sides must be covered.

The Christmas Spirit wears a robe of decorated crepe paper, which may be had with holly leaves and berries on a white ground. Her girdle is of evergreen, and she wears a crown of holly. She carries a large wreath of evergreen, with a red bell inside. The girdle of trailing evergreen may be tipped with little red bells.

The Goblins are dressed in suits of black cambric, with yellow stripes sewed on crosswise. The blouses are plain and full, stuffed so as to give the appearance of round bodies. The trousers are tight-fitting, the stockings have pointed toes. No shoes are worn. Caps, trousers and stockings all have yellow stripes. The caps are close-fitting skullcaps, which hide the hair. Each boy must be trained to act his own character. Let Greed eat cookies, Vanity admire himself in a hand mirror, Curiosity carry a microscope, etc.

The Little Pink Spirits wear short pink dresses of cheesecloth, mosquito netting, or crepe paper. They have square necks, short sleeves, and the skirts hang full from deep yokes. Around the yoke is a sash three inches wide, tied at the left side of the front in a rosette of four loops, and having two long ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt. These may be made of crepe paper, and must match the costume. The ends of the streamers are pointed, and a tiny bell sewed at each point, also one in the centre of the rosette. The stockings may be pink or white, with white slippers, or both may be black, but all must be alike. The hair may be tied with a big bow of the crepe paper, or a wreath of pink paper roses may be worn. Each carries a pink ribbon about an inch wide, and a yard long, to which tiny bells are fastened. One bell is at each end, the others at intervals along the ribbon.

Scene I.

Four little girls are seated around a fireplace, holding dolls. Above the fireplace hang their stockings, also those of the dolls, and two or three more, for the brothers of whom they speak.

All sing. *Tune: Wait for the Wagon*

We're waiting here for Santa Claus,
Before the fire so bright.
It is the merry Christmas Eve,
He'll surely come tonight.
Upon the stroke of midnight,
When the fire is burning low,
He'll come and fill the stockings
From the top to the toe.

CHORUS

Come, dear Old Santa,
Come, dear Old Santa,
Come, dear Old Santa,
We are waiting for you!
Our naughty little brothers say
That Santa isn't true.
If they should turn out to be right,
Oh, dear! What should we do?
For Christmas without Santa
Would very dismal be—
A row of empty stockings
And a bare Christmas tree!

CHORUS

(*They gaze expectantly at chimney a minute, then Lena speaks.*)

Lena. What do you hope he'll bring?

Grace. A pearl ring and a necklace—

Mary. Books and games.

Marion. A really *large* doll. Not a rag one, either.

Lena. I want a Persian kitten and a pair of skates.

Mary. And a double runner—a real ripper!

Grace. That's a boy's word, and a boy's present.

Mary. Well, I guess the boys haven't the only right to have double-runners! Besides, I saw you on Lawrence Elliott's the other day, and if you could coast on his, why not on your own?

Grace. Oh, I'd be afraid! I can't steer.

Mary. Well, I can, and I will, if Santa'll only bring me one. Then I'll take you to ride.

Lena. She'd rather ride with Lawrence.

Grace. No such thing!

Marion. Don't get mad, Gracie. Lena's only teasing.

Grace. Well, she'd better not, tonight. Santa might hear.

Lena. So he might. I won't tease you any more, Gracie, till after Christmas. I do hope Santa'll bring me a new doll. Mine is so shabby.

Grace. I should think she would be. You're awfully hard on your doll. You left her out of doors two or three nights last summer, when we were all here at Grandpa's.

Lena. Fresh air is good for children. It's quite the thing to sleep out doors.

Marion. Oh, dear! I'm so sleepy! I'm afraid I'll go to sleep before he gets here. It's ever so late, I'm sure.

Mary. Do you suppose it can be true that there isn't any Santa Claus, and the fathers and Mothers fill the stockings? Bobby thinks so.

Grace. Bobby's a regular atheist.

Lena. What's an atheist?

Grace. Why—a—a person who doesn't believe the Bible.

Marion. Why, Grace! Santa isn't in the Bible!

Grace. No—but it's just about as bad not to believe in him, I think.

Mary. I noticed that Bobby hung up his stocking, and Ted, too, and Harry.

Lena. Yes, and they wanted to sit up and watch with us, only Grandma wouldn't let them. She said it was silly to watch for some one they didn't believe in.

Marion. (*Yawning.*) Well, I'll surely be asleep before Santa gets here. I always am.

Lena. Let's go meet him. That'll keep us awake.

Grace. But which way would we go?

Marion. Both ways. Then we'll be sure to find him.

Mary. All right. You and Grace go up the road, and Lena and I will go down the road, like Red Riding Hood and the Wolf.

Lena. And whichever meets him, tease him to go back for the others. I'm going to take my doll, so he can see how bad I need another. Better leave yours behind, Grace. She looks most new.

Grace. No, I'm going to take her. When he sees how nice Marguerita looks, he'll be sure to give me a really big one, for he'll know I'll take good care of her.

Marion. Guess I'll take Rosabelle. She's neither very nice, nor very shabby, but I'm sure she'd like to see Santa. How's your doll, Mary?

Mary. About so-so, like Jack Sprat's pig. But she must have her things on, or she'll take cold.

(*They have been putting on caps and coats while talking. They now put on the dolls' wraps, and go out together.*)

(CURTAIN)

Scene II.

(*An open spot in a Wood. A woodland scene in the background is all that is necessary. Mary and Lena enter, and Lena throws herself down on the ground.*)

Lena. Oh, dear! I'm tired to death, and I've no more idea where we are than the man in the moon! You might as well sit down, Mary. I shan't move another step till I'm rested.

Mary. (*Sitting down beside Lena.*) I'm afraid we're lost, Lena. We must have been tramping for hours, and I'm sure I never was here before.

Lena. It must be most morning. Where do you suppose Grace and Marion are?

Mary. Oh, I expect they're lost, too. 'Twas silly, anyway, to go hunting for Santa Claus. Probably he's come and filled our stockings before now, and if we'd sat right still and waited, we'd have seen him.

Lena. Perhaps the others saw him.

(*Grace and Marion enter from opposite side.*)

Marion. No, we didn't.

Mary. Why, how did you get here?

Grace. We walked, of course. But where *is* here?

Lena. But you went the other way! Do you suppose we've each gone halfway round the world, and met on the other side?

Mary. Of course not, Lena. Don't be silly.

Lena. Well, I feel as if I had.

Grace. So do I. (*She and Marion sit down.*)

Marion. But where do you suppose we are?

Mary. Well, we must have gone in a circle, to meet. But I think we must be in the south, it is so warm.

Lena. Isn't it? And the trees are green. (*They pull off coats and caps.*)

Marion. How are we to get home again, I'd like to know.

Grace. Perhaps we never will. If we only knew where we were—

Mary. We do. We're here.

Lena. But where's here?

(*Voice outside sings "In the Christmas Wood," while girls look around for singer.*)

IN THE CHRISTMAS WOOD

Tune: Michael Roy

1 You're out in the Christmas Wood tonight,
You've wandered far away,
Strange things they hear, strange things they see,
Who in this wood do stray.
But little girls have naught to fear,
If only they are good,
They'll learn what most they wish to know
Out in the Christmas Wood.

Chorus

For, oh, for oh! If you be bad or good,
You surely will astonished be, out in the Christmas Wood.

2 You've come to look for Santa Claus—
From home you ran away!
And in this wood, on Christmas Eve,
Strange things abroad do stay.
When naughty children wander here,
Then here they must remain,
And wander in the Christmas Wood
Till Christmas comes again. *Cho.*

Grace. Why, we did run away from Grandpa's house! We never told anyone we were going.

Mary. We didn't mean to run away. What do you suppose will happen to us?

Lena. Pooh! I'm not afraid, and I like to be astonished. Who do you suppose was singing?

Marion. The fairies.

Mary. There aren't any fairies, are there?

Grace. Of course there are. This is an enchanted wood, I'm sure. Everything is queer, you know. Don't you be an atheist, too, Mary.

Lena. What's an a'heist?

Marion. There, Lena, don't ask so many questions. Grace told you once tonight. It's a person who doesn't believe in the Bible.

Lena. Fairies aren't in the Bible!

Marion. No, but—

Lena. Well, why don't you just say "unbeliever?" I'd know what that meant. Grace uses such long, starched-up words.

Grace. Why, Lena! Unbeliever is a good deal longer word than atheist.

Lena. Well, it means something, and that pet word of yours doesn't.

Mary. Sh! Someone's coming!

(*They step back to one side of stage. Nightmare enters, dancing wildly to center of stage, and sings.*)

NIGHTMARE'S SONG

Tune: Solomon Levi

1 Oh, I'm the Nightmare, fierce and wild,
At night I gaily ride
Upon a broomstick through the air,
My black cat by my side.
I go to where bad children lie
In cribs and cots asleep,
And bring to them such dreadful dreams,
They toss and moan and weep.

Chorus

Yes, I am the Nightmare,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
The fierce, howling Nightmare,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
I love to creep around your beds,
When you are sound asleep,
I love to bring you dreadful dreams
That make you toss and weep.

2 If in your lessons you have failed,
Or rules you've disobeyed,
If you have told a naughty fib,
Or quarreled as you played,
If you've been selfish, coarse or vain,
Or greedy, like a pig,
Then round your little pillows, I
Will dance the Nightmare jig. *Cho.*

3 I have an ugly, clawing cat,
And a snappy little dog,
As cross as X, as bold as brass,
And spry as any frog;
Around your pillow they will howl,
And scratch and bark and bite,
Until you wake with a fearful yell,
And your hair stands stiff with fright. *Cho.*

Lena. (*Aside.*) Oh dear! What a dreadful old woman!

Nightmare. Dreadful yourself. Don't you call me an old woman, you little snippet! You'll be old yourself some day, and grizzled and lame and toothless and bald and deaf and cross and ugly!

Lena. Oh dear! I hope not!

Nightmare. (*To Grace.*) Don't you want to see my doggie?

Grace. No, thank you, I don't like dogs very well.

Nightmare. That's because you're bad! You're afraid of him. He can scent a naughty child a great way off. I expect he's chasing after one now; but don't you worry, he'll soon be here. Oh, won't you be glad to see him! Ha, ha, ha!

Sings. *Tune: Dutch Warbler*

Oh where, oh where is my little dog gone?
Oh where can that charming beast be?
He snaps and he bites and he howls and he fights,
Oh, a dear little doggie is he!

Mary. (*Aside.*) I should think so!

Nightmare. I know you're just aching to see him. Here, Scorpion! Scorpion! Scorpion! Where in the world is he? Well, never mind,

little dears, while you're waiting I'll show you another of my pretty pets. He's cuddled in here, snug and warm, asleep, I expect. (*Peeps into the front of her gown.*)

Lena. What is it?

Nightmare. Oh no, he isn't asleep. He's wide awake, and wicked as ever. I think he must be hungry. Poor darling, did he want to come out and kiss the pretty little girls? So he should!

Lena. But what is it?

Nightmare. My pet, I tell you. Well, he should come out, so he should! (*Draws from her bosom a large toy spider. Lena, who has drawn near, jumps back in alarm.*)

Nightmare. Come and kiss him, pretty dear.

Lena. Ugh! He's horrid!

Grace. Dreadful!

Marion. Hideous!

Mary. You see, we're not very fond of spiders.

(*Nightmare swings him by elastic. Girls scream as he comes near.*)

Nightmare. Hark! I think I hear my little dog, now.

(*Whistles, and dog runs in. She picks him up.*)

Nightmare. Yes, here's Scorpion, the fine doggie! He's a dear, snappy, snarly little dog. I'll make him snarl and snap at you, directly, you girl that asks questions. (*Bends head to dog, appears to listen to him.*) What is it, Scorpion? Oh yes, I'll go at once. (*To girls.*) We've some business on hand just now, but we'll be back again. Oh, yes, we'll be back again, Nipperjaws and Scorpion and I, and maybe Yowler, my cat—my dear, hideous, scratching, spitting, biting, caterwauling black cat! Such ears as he has! He can hear you *think* bad words! He can hear you plan to tell a lie in your mind! I'll bring him if I can find him. Goodbye, little dears. Don't cry for us, for we'll be back again. Oh yes, we'll be back again. (*Swings spider at girls again, and goes out putting head back in again, to say.*) Oh yes, we'll be back again, never you fear!

Lena. She's a horrid, nasty old witch!

Grace. Ugh! That dreadful spider!

Marion. And that disagreeable little dog!

Mary. And she's gone to get her cat!

All. Oh dear!

(*Piano strikes up a march.*)

Lena. What's coming now?

(*Goblins enter, and march around stage, each according to character. Passion stamps around, Sloth goes slowly, allowing all to pass him. Sulkiness scuffles along, pouting. Curiosity stops in front of girls and stares, till all are in place, then scampers to place. Selfishness, Greed,*

Envy and Cruelty push and crowd and try to be first. Disobedience goes around the opposite way from the rest. Vanity marches in time to the music, head up, as if well satisfied with himself. Falsehood goes straight to place, instead of marching around. Thoughtlessness keeps stopping, then rushing back to place. When all are in place, they sing.)

Tune: Yankee Doodle

1 Out in the Christmas Wood tonight,
The Goblins bad are straying,
To mischief do is our delight,
It is our way of playing.

Chorus

Goblins in the Christmas Wood!
Say, how do we strike you?
Be you bad, or be you good,
The Goblins do not like you!

2 Harm to mortals we will do,
Whene'er we get a chance, sir.
Aren't you glad we've met with you?
Oh, say, why don't you answer? *Cho.*

Marion. Well, we don't like you, either, so there, now!

Lena. Where did the music come from?

Falsehood. There wasn't any music.

Grace. Why yes, there was! We heard it.

Vanity. 'Twas the Wood Orchestra, of course. They always play when *we* appear.

Mary. Then why didn't you march in time to the music?

Sulkiness. 'Cause we didn't want to.

Disobedience. Because we never do as we're told, or as we think anyone wants us to do.

Thoughtlessness. We can't bother

Lena. Who are you?

Envy. Goblins.

Grace. Nonsense! There aren't any goblins. Papa said so.

All the Goblins. (*Pointing and hissing at Grace.*) Atheist! Atheist!

Lena. What's an atheist?

Grace. There, Lena, we told you twice. An unbeliever.

Envy. Yes, an unbeliever. So you don't see us?

Grace. Of course I see you. I'm not blind.

Passion. Then what do you mean by doubting us?

Sloth. Don't quarrel. It's too hard work.

Curiosity. What do you call yourselves?

Mary. Girls, of course.

Thoughtlessness. Nonsense! There aren't any girls.

Lena. Of course there are. Don't you see us?

Falsehood. No.

Greed. I do. Are you good to eat?

Marion. Of course not.

Cruelty. Let's bite them, just to see.

Lena. The idea! Do go away.

Envy. No, you go away. You're so homely!

Greed. If you're not good to eat, I've no use for you.

Curiosity. (*He rattles off the questions so fast that they cannot answer.*) What's your name? Where did you come from? How old are you? What did you come here for? Got any brothers and sisters? How often do you get a whipping? How much did your clothes cost? Where did you get those dolls? How long—

Lena. There, do stop a minute! 'Twill take a week to answer all your questions.

Curiosity. Why, you like questions, you know you do. You're always asking them yourself. You're my twin sister.

Lena. I'm not!

Curiosity. Oh yes, you are. How long is your nose? What's it good for? Do you keep a pig? Did you ever have a pet tiger?

Mary. I should think your name was Curiosity.

Curiosity. So it is.

Grace. Do you all have names?

Sulkiness. Of course. Haven't you?

Grace. Yes, but—

Passion. Then what do you mean by saying we haven't?

Grace. Why, I never!

Falsehood. Yes, you did.

Thoughtlessness. It's just the same thing.

Lena. But what are your names? I know that one. (*Points.*)

Curiosity. Yes, your twin brother.

Lena. (*Stamping her foot.*) I'm not a sister to any ugly little striped Goblin!

Passion. Ugly yourself. I guess you're my sister. I'm Passion. Don't you ever get mad, you—girls?

Grace. Sometimes, of course.

Passion. Then you are my sisters. I get mad, too. I like to. I love to scream and fight and bite and kick. This is my favorite pas ime. (*Throws himself on floor, kicking and screaming.*)

Mary. Well, I don't want to be your sister. I shall try not to lose my temper.

Cruelty. My name's Cruelty. Are any of you my sisters?

Marion. No indeed.

Cruelty. Did you ever tease the baby? Did you ever forget to feed the kitten, or to give the dog a drink of water?

Marion. Yes, but—

Cruelty. Then you are! I love to make the babies cry, and the dogs bark—it's music. I like to drown the kittens and whip the horses. I like to slap and scratch and bite and pinch! Just let me pinch your arm once.

Marion. I guess not! (*Cruelty pinches Lena, who screams.*)

Selfishness. Don't make such a noise. I don't like to hear it.

Grace. Who are you?

Selfishness. I'm Selfishness. You're my twin sister.

Grace. I'm not. We're none of us any relation to any of you.

Selfishness. Oh yes, you are! Aren't you the girl who wouldn't let her baby sister hold her doll this morning?

Grace. Well, I was afraid she'd break it.

Selfishness. Of course you were. I never lend any of my things. I don't want them spoiled. I like to play my own way. I like to be first. I like the warmest corner and the softest seat. I have 'em, too. I just take 'em, that's the way. (*He slyly pushes Passion aside, and takes his place. Passion screams.*)

Sulkiness. I don't want any of you to be my sisters, I'm sure, though that girl is. (*He points at Mary.*)

Mary. No such thing! Who are you, anyway?

Sulkiness. I'm Sulkiness. You're sulky, too. Didn't you pout half an hour yesterday, because you lost your place in the spelling class? Didn't you wear a frown to the picnic because you couldn't wear your party dress? Didn't you refuse to go out to play because Minnie Carter was there?

Mary. Well, I don't like Minnie. She—

Sulkiness. So you sulked. That's just the way I do. I love to.

Mary. I don't love to. It makes me unhappy.

Sulkiness. But you love to feel unhappy. I'm going off into that corner and have a good sulk now. Come along, and let's sulk together. (*Tries to take her hand.*)

Mary. Indeed I shan't. Go alone.

Sulkiness. All right, I'm sure I don't want you. (*Sits down in corner and sulks.*)

Falsehood. I'm Falsehood. You're all my sisters. All liars, every one.

Grace. Why, we're not! And that's not a nice name to call any one.

Falsehood. It's not a nice thing to be, either, but you are. Didn't you tell your little sister you hadn't any more candy? Didn't you (*to Mary*) tell your teacher that you got all your problems right, when your big brother did two of them for you? Didn't you (*to Marion*) say "perfect," when you'd been whispering? Didn't you (*to Lena*) tell your mother that you hadn't touched the jam?

Lena. Ho! That was just a tarradiddle.

Grace. Just a small yarn.

Mary. Only a white lie.

Marion. 'Tisn't wicked to tell little fibs. Everyone does. You do, yourself

Falsehood. Of course I do. I glory in it. It's my nature. I love to tell great big whoppers! Big lies! You're my sisters, all right.

Marion. We don't tell big whoppers!

Falsehood. Yes you do. Yes you do. There's no such thing as a fib, a tarradiddle, or a white lie. If it isn't the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, it's a lie, a big, black lie, and the one that tells it is a liar. I'm a liar, and so are you. We're all liars together. We love to be.

Mary. Well, we don't love to be, and I'm just going to be careful to tell the truth. We don't want to be like you.

Lena. It's dreadful to be a liar.

Falsehood. No it isn't, it's fun. Look out for that snake!

Girls. (*Jumping.*) Where?

Falsehood. Nowhere. You forgot my name, didn't you? Ho, ho!

Greed. (*Pushing Falsehood aside.*) Say! Have you any candy? Any cake? Any gum? Any kind of goodies? Do give me some. I'm hungry.

Grace. I'm sorry, but this is all I have. (*Gives him a piece of candy, which he eats greedily.*)

Greed. More.

Lena. I should think bread and butter would be better, if you're hungry.

Greed. I'm always hungry. I never had enough to eat.

Marion. Poor thing.

Envy. Ho! You needn't pity him. That's Greed.

Mary. I don't like greedy folks.

Lena. Nor I.

Greed. Why, you're greedy.

Lena. No sir.

Greed. Don't you always choose the reddest apple, the biggest orange, the prettiest doll? Don't you buy candy with every penny you get? Of course you're greedy.

Grace. Oh dear! I wish we could get out of this dreadful place!

Thoughtlessness. Come on! I'll show you the way. (*He leads, they follow, here and there, around and around, till he suddenly stops to jump over Passion several times.*)

Mary. You don't seem to be showing us the way out very fast.

Thoughtlessness. Oh, was I showing you the way out? I forgot.

Grace. Well, go on, now you've remembered.

Thoughtlessness. Oh, I can't bother now. Besides, I've forgotten the way.

Marion. I think you're real mean. What's your name?

Thoughtlessness. I forgot. Same as yours, I guess.

Marion. The idea! The same as mine! 'Tisn't either, and I don't believe you've forgotten your own name. You couldn't.

Thoughtlessness. Have though, honor bright. It ought to be the same as yours. We have the same watchword.

Marion. We haven't! What is it?

Thoughtlessness. It's "I forgot". Aren't you always forgetting? Didn't you forget the baby the day she fell from her high-chair? Don't you forget your errands and your lessons?

Marion. Sometimes; but I never forget my name, and you didn't forget yours, I know.

Envy. (*Pushing him aside.*) His name is Thoughtlessness. He never remembers anything. I'm envy. I wish I had that pretty ring. I guess I'll take it.

Mary. I guess you won't.

Envy. (*To Lena.*) I suppose you're proud of your pretty hair. I'd like to cut it off! (*To Grace.*) I'm going to smash that doll! (*To Marion*) Want me for a brother?

Marion. No, I don't.

Envy. You said you didn't like Elizabeth Harrington because she was rich, and had pretty clothes and a pony.

Marion. I wasn't envious.

Envy. Yes, you were. I know!

Vanity. (*Strutting up.*) You'll all want to be my sisters. See how straight I am. See how bright I am. See how bright my eyes are, and how pretty I am. Isn't my suit handsome and becoming? Doesn't it fit well? Isn't my figure good? See how graceful I am!

Lena Who are you?

Vanity. Your sweetheart, dear. Vanity.

Lena. I'm not vain.

Vanity. Don't you like to look in the mirror? Don't you switch this way in a new dress. Don't you cry if you have to wear a patch, or old shoes?

Lena. No matter.

Vanity. Don't be sulky, dear. I like to be dressed up, too. Come, let's walk to the brook together, and admire ourselves in the water—just we two. We're pretty. Come. (*She gives him her hand, hesitatingly.*)

Vanity. Hold your head up, so, and walk so, and try to look just like me.

Lena. (*Draws her hand away.*) I don't want to look like you. I'm not going to be vain.

Goblins. (*Derisively.*) But you were, and you looked just like him. You thought you were pretty. Oho! Miss Vanity! Miss Vanity! (*Lena turns away.*)

Disobedience. That's right. Don't mind him. Don't mind your mother. Don't mind your teacher. Don't mind anybody. I never do. If any one tells me to do a thing, I won't do it even if I want to.

Mary. Then I know your name. It's Disobedience.

Disobedience. Yes, you all know me. You all like me. It's fun to do just as you please.

Marion. But you ought to mind, or you'll grow up bad, and every one will dislike you.

Disobedience. I want 'em to. I don't like any one, and I don't want any one to like me. And goblins never grow up. They're stunted.

Lena. What's stunted?

Disobedience. Find out.

Grace. It's when something stops your growth, and you never get any bigger.

Thoughtlessness. We're all stunted. We're glad of it. Copy us, and you'll be stunted, too.

Grace. No, thank you.

Lena. (*Goes up to Sloth, who lies on the floor.*) Who are you?

Sloth. Don't bother. I'm sleepy.

Lena. But won't you just tell me your name?

Sloth. Too much trouble.

Falsehood. He hasn't any name.

Envy. Yes, he has. It's Sloth.

Lena. What's Sloth?

Envy. Laziness.

Grace. Do sit up a minute, and answer. Is that your name?

Sloth. I guess so.

Grace. Oh, you lazy thing! Don't you know?

Sloth. Perhaps. Don't make me think, it's too hard work. You like to be lazy yourself, you know. Isn't it delicious just to lie still and do nothing all day? No lessons, no tedious practicing, no dishes, no tiresome play.

Grace. But I like to play.

Sloth. Dream you're playing. It's just as much fun, and lots easier. Just lie on your back, and stretch and yawn and sleep. It's a perfect life.

Mary. A dreadfully lazy life, and you're no good to the world.

Sloth. But the world is good to me. It's just a great feather bed to snooze in.

Mary. Well, I should hate to be you.

Falsehood. You'll all be goblins pretty soon. You're beginning to change.

Lena. (*Beginning to cry.*) I don't want to be a goblin. I wish I could get out of this dreadful wood.

(*Music is heard. Curiosity looks off, then speaks.*)

Curiosity. She's coming! She's coming!

(*Goblins huddle together. Christmas Spirit enters.*)

Christmas Spirit. (*To Goblins.*) What are you doing here?

Sulkiness. It's Christmas Eve.

Christmas Spirit. I know. So for an hour you have been permitted to wander in the Christmas Wood, to teach your lessons to any child who might stray here also. But now, begone! The Spirit of Christmas is abroad, and your respite is over. Begone!

Sulkiness. We want to stay.

Disobedience. I shan't go.

Christmas Spirit. The Christmas Wood is no place for you. You have none of the Christmas peace and good will in your hearts. Besides, the little Pink Spirtes are on the way, and you know you cannot live in their presence. Hark!

(*Sprites shake their bells behind the scenes.*)

Thoughtlessness. I hear them. Come on. (*Rushes off.*)

Greed. I want to live long enough to get filled up once. I'm going.

(*They go, each according to character.*)

Grace. I'm so glad they're gone.

Marion. Horrid things!

Mary. And they knew all the naughty things we'd said or done.

Lena. Who are you, pretty lady?

Christmas Spirit. (*Sings.*)

Tune: Music in the Air

1 Oh, I'm the Christmas Spirit,
Joyful is the news I bring,
It sounds through starlit skies
Where the Christmas angels sing.
Since the Christ Child's wondrous birth,
Peace now reigns o'er all the earth;
Glad good will and joy and mirth
Doth the Christmas Spirit bring.

2 Love is abroad tonight,
And the little Sprites so good.
You need not fear the Goblins
Out here in the Christmas Wood;
For the chorus echoes still,
"Peace on earth, to men good will,"
Soundeth over vale and hill,
Echoes in the Christmas Wood.

Mary. Then why were the ugly Goblins here?

Marion. They didn't seem to have any good will toward anything.

Christmas Spirit. They are your faults incarnate.

Lena. What's incarnate?

Christmas Spirit. In the flesh, dear. Your naughty ways and habits were given bodies so that you might see how bad they really are. Every time you give way to your temper, or disobey, or tell a falsehood, you grow more like them.

Marion. I don't want to be like them. They are so hateful, and they looked like hornets.

Christmas Spirit. And they are like them They sting far worse than hornets can, for they sting the soul. Once a year they appear bodily to show themselves in all their deformity. That is on Christmas Eve. The rest of the time, they live in hearts that will harbor them.

Marion. Well, they're not going to live in my heart any longer.

Lena. Who are the Sprites? Their bells frightened the Goblins away. Shall we see them?

(*Bells begin to ring again.*)

Christmas Spirit. They are the virtues—the opposites of the Goblins. They are coming now. Hear the bells?

Mary. Yes, indeed. What a pretty, tinkling chime.

Christmas Spirit. It is the chime of the Christmas bells—the joybells. If you take the little Sprites into your hearts, the joybells will ring in your homes all the year.

(*The Sprites come tripping lightly in, ribbons held in both hands. They trip around the stage in a circle, then form semicircle, and sing:*)

Tune: Jingle Bells

1 Ting-a-ling-a-ling!
The wee pink Sprites are we.
Just hear our joybells ring,
Brimful of Christmas glee,
Bells of good will and peace,
Of happiness and mirth,
Of joy and love that ne'er shall cease
To ring o'er all the earth.

Chorus

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Hear the joybells ring!
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling,
While happy voices sing.
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Wee pink Sprites are we,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling,
Brimful of Christmas glee.

2 Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Hark! 'Tis the Sprites so good.
'Tis Christmas bells they ring
Out in the Christmas Wood.
We chase the Goblins bad,
And drive them far away,
With joybells ringing sweet and glad,
We chase them off to stay. *Cho.*

(*Whenever they sing "Ting-a-ling," they hold ribbons high, and dance round in their places, making the bells ring. During the singing of last half of each verse, swing ribbons. Care should be taken not to have them turn in the same direction more than twice in succession, as some children get dizzy very easily.*)

Lena. Who are you, you dear little things?

Unselfishness. Unselfishness a dear Sprite is, I'm sure you'll all agree.

Thoughtfulness. And Thoughtfulness for others, her twin must surely be.

Good Will. Good Will is what the angels sang– a Christmas Sprite indeed.

Generosity. Generosity freely gives, wherever she finds need.

Industry. Industry is always busy– a faithful worker she.

Truth. Clear truth swerves not a hair's breadth, whate'er the cost may be.

Obedience. Obedience doth in all things mind.

Mercy. And Mercy fair is always kind.

Faith. Sweet Faith doth calmly trust and wait.

Hope. Hope hath an anchor sure.

Peace. Sweet Peace, the blessed Christmas Peace, forever shall endure.

Joy. Bright Joy upon the Christmas Eve shall in all hearts be found.

All. Good Sprites are we, that on the earth should everywhere abound.

All. (*Sing as before.*)

Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
The wee pink Sprites are we.
Just hear our joybells ring,
Brimful of Christmas glee.
Oh, take us to your hearts,
We'll make your Christmas bright,
And every day through all the year,
We'll bring you sweet delight. *Cho.*

Christmas Spirit. Are not these better examples to imitate than the Goblins?

Children. Yes indeed.

Grace. I'm sure I'd rather be like them.

Lena. Is there any one else in the Christmas Wood?

Christmas Spirit. Be patient, little one, and you shall see.

Grace. I hear music, some one's coming.

Lena. Is Santa Claus here, too?

Christmas Spirit. Santa Claus?

Mary. Yes, we came to find him. Can you bring him here?

Christmas Spirit. No, little maiden; he is but a myth.

Lena. What's a myth?

Grace. Don't ask so many questions, Lena.

Marion. She means he's only make-believe.

Lena. Oh, dear! I wanted him to be true.

Christmas Spirit. Wait, little one, and see who comes now.

(*Love enters.*)

Christmas Spirit. (*To Love.*) Here are some children who are looking for Santa Claus.

Love. For Santa Claus? Here?

Mary. Isn't there any Santa Claus, really?

Grace. We did so hope there was.

Marion. I think there must be. If not, where do all the presents come from?

(*Love advances, and sings. The Sprites form two slanting lines, with Love in the centre. The lines should not reach quite up to where she stands, to give room for the motions. Love sings the verses. The Sprites, led by the Christmas Spirit, sing the choruses.*)

Love. (*Sings.*) *Tune: Fair Harvard*

1 You have wandered afar to the fair Christmas Wood,
And have entered its portals so green,
That are open for only one night in the year,
And not often by mortals are seen.
But the one that you seek isn't here, little girls,
That old Saint who's so jolly and good;
And yet you have found what you're seeking, my dears,
Out here in the fair Christmas Wood.

Chorus. (*Tune of last half of verse.*)

For Santa Claus' real name is Love, little girls,
Yes, Santa Claus' real name is Love.
So you've found what you sought in the fair Christmas Wood,
For old Santa Claus' real name is Love.

(*Swing ribbons through first two lines of chorus. At close of chorus, hold right hand out and up, toward Love, the ribbons in both hands. Retain position through interlude.*)

Love. (*Sings.*)

2 All the gifts that you find in your stockings, my dears,
When so eagerly you run to see,
All the candles so bright, and the dollies and toys,
That adorn your beloved Christmas tree,
'Tis Love that has brought them to you, little girls,
From your friends and your parents so good,
For Love is the queen of the world, little girls,
As she's queen of the fair Christmas Wood.

Chorus

She's queen of the fair Christmas Wood, little girls,
Yes, Love is the queen of the Wood,
And the Sprites are all bowing before their fair queen,
The queen of the fair Christmas Wood.

(*During the singing of first line of chorus, Sprites move forward to form a semicircle in front of Love. At beginning of second line, kneel. At beginning of third line, bow, holding ribbons in both hands, like a garland, just touching the floor. At beginning of last line, raise heads, and hold ribbons outward and upward, toward Love. Rise during interlude.*)

Love. (*Sings.*)

3 For Love has a heart of pure gold, little girls,
A heart that is tender and true;
And she breathes out a blessing on true Christmas gifts,
It is Love, dears, that send them to you.
For presents without any love, little girls,
Would only be bought and be sold,
And Love to the rich and the poor, too, is free,
For Love has a heart of pure gold.

Chorus

For Love has a heart of pure gold, little girls,
Yes, Love has a heart of pure gold,
And Love to the rich and the poor, too, is free,
For Love has a heart of pure gold.

(*During the singing of first two lines of Chorus, swing ribbons. During th rd line, hold them high. During fourth line, point toward Love's staff with right hand, from which the ribbon hangs.*

Love. (*Sings*)

4 It was Love, dears, that gave to the weary old world
The dawn of the first Christmas Day.
'Twas God's love for you all sent the dear Christ Child down,
He that slept in the manger of hay.
So search ye for Santa no more, little girls,
You'll not find him, below or above;
It is Love brings the presents to you Christmas Eve,
For Santa Claus' real name is Love. *Cho.*

(*This chorus is the same as the first one. At close of it, the Sprites dance around in a circle, and out.*)

Mary Then Love is only another name for Santa Claus. Perhaps he doesn't always look the same.

Love. Indeed he doesn't. Love takes many forms.

Lena. But if Love is free to rich and poor, why are there so many poor children who don't have any Christmas presents?

Love. Because those who have the money haven't always Love in their hearts.

Christmas Spirit. They that harbor the Goblins never have any.

Love. But those who welcome the Sprites have hearts brimful of Love. Now you couldn't all be Santa Claus, but you can all have love enough in your hearts to make Christmas for just one poor little child.

Grace. Why, so we can. I never thought of that.

Love. If you have Love in your heart, you will think of many ways to make others happy. Remember, the little Christ Child was poor. Giving to the poor, is giving to Him.

(*Enter poor children. They sing.*)

Tune: Just before the Battle, Mother.

1 We are just poor little children,
Come for Santa Claus to seek.
If we just could see him coming,
To him we would surely speak.
We would tell him all our troubles,
Ask him why he passes by.
Christmas morning, empty stockings
Make poor children sob and sigh.

Chorus

Santa never comes to our house,
Just because we're poor, you see;
Never fills our waiting stockings,
Brings to us no Christmas tree.

2 Never have we owned a dolly,
Though we want one awful bad!
If you had no doll to cuddle,
Don't you think that you'd be sad?
If you had no books or playthings,
Never saw a Christmas tree,
Had to wear such shabby dresses,
Think how sorrowful you'd be. *Cho.*

3 So we're hunting for old Santa.
If our troubles he could know,
He'd remember us next Christmas,
Don't you little girls think so?
If this year he'd only bring us
Just a little Christmas tree,
Bring us each a little dolly,
Oh, how happy we would be! *Cho.*

Mary. You poor little things! Here, take my dolly. I've four or five at home.

Grace. This one is most as good as new. I've been very careful of her.

Marion. And here's mine. You're welcome to her. I've had so many, and I'm so sorry for you.

Lena. Mine's pretty old, but perhaps she'll seem nice to a little girl who never had one. I wish I'd been more careful of her.

(*As each speaks, she gives her doll to one of the poor children, who kiss the dolls, and fondle them rapturously.*)

Marion. But there isn't any Santa Claus. We came to look for him, too, but he isn't real.

Betty. Not real! Are you sure?

Mable. We always thought he was.

Margie. Perhaps he's somewhere else. Let's hunt some more.

Lena. You won't find him. We didn't, either, but—

Cassie. Oh dear! Then we can't ever have a Christmas tree.

Marion. But Christmas trees are real, and Love is real so maybe you can.

Grace. O Love dear, can't you find a way?

Love. Love can always find a way. (*To Christmas Spirit.*) Call the Sprites.

(*The Christmas Spirit blows a silver whistle, and the Sprites come dancing in, and dance around children, singing first verse and chorus of their song, as before. After singing, they dance around, each one stepping up as they speak, till they surround the children.*)

Unselfishness. Who needs us?

Christmas Spirit. These children.

Generosity. We're always glad to help.

Faith. We can, I'm sure.

Industry. We're willing to work.

Obedience. And to do as we're told.

Peace. What do you want us to do?

Grace. These children have never seen a Christmas tree.

Thoughtfulness. And you want us to bring them one?

Grace. Oh, can you?

Hope. Nothing is impossible in the Christmas Wood on Christmas Eve.

Truth. To those who will accept our help.

Mercy. We're very sorry for you.

Good Will. And we'll be glad to get you a tree.

Joy. Christmas should be a happy time to every one.

All the Sprites. We'll bring it, never fear. (*They dance out, singing chorus.*)

Margie. Who are they?

Mary. Christmas Sprites—Joy, Hope and things like that.

Betty. I didn't know we could see them.

Marion. You can here, on Christmas Eve.

Cassie. Where are we?

Christmas Spirit. In the Christmas Wood.

Mabel. And who are you,—a princess?

Christmas Spirit. I am the Spirit of Christmas. My Sprites and I make the world better. If only they are willing, we could make everyone good and happy.

Betty. And who are you, lovely lady with the golden heart?

Love. Love, the brightest and best of all. 'Tis Love that makes Christmas joyful.

(*Sprites come back, bringing a small, gaily decorated tree. Christmas Spirit places it in place prepared for it, on stage. Sprites form circle around it, singing.*)

1 Ting-a-ling-a-ling!
We've brought your Christmas tree.
It sparkles bright and gay,
As pretty as can be.
For poor as well as rich
Should happy be and gay,
When dawns upon the wintry world
The Merry Christmas Day.

Chorus

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Dance around the tree.
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling,
With faces full of glee.
Ting-a-ling, ting a-ling,
Happy be and gay,
Dance around the the tree and sing
To welcome Christmas Day.

(*Sprites step to either side, and children form a circle around tree, first a poor child, then one of the little girls in white, etc. Bells chime behind scene.*)

Sprites. The bells! The bells! The Christmas bells!

Christmas Spirit. It is the Christmas Morn. You must return.

Children. But the tree!

Christmas Spirit. There will be a tall, beautiful tree in Grandpa's parlor tonight, with plenty of toys and goodies for you all.

Love. And your little stockings hang by the fireplace, stuffed full as they can be.

Grace. But these little girls?

Thoughtfulness. They live on the same street with your Grandpa.

Good Will. You can easily find them.

Generosity. There'll be enough for you all.

Unselfishness. If you are willing to share.

Mary. Why, so we will! Grandma always says we each have enough for two.

Lena. And so we do. You shall share our Christmas this year, little girls.

Marion. Yes, we'll each share with one of you, and eight little girls will be happy, instead of only four.

Poor Children. Oh! It's too good to be true. We'll really have a Christmas.

All the Sprites.

And we will all go with you,
Though us you cannot see,
And Peace in all your little hearts,
And Joy, shall ever be.
But keep the Goblins far away,
Lest in your heart they creep;
But in your hearts and in your lives,
The little Sprites e'er keep.

Love. Remember, think of others.

Christmas Spirit. And spread the Christmas cheer.

Love, Spirit and Sprites. (*Together.*) Then in your hearts it surely will be Christmas all the year.

(*All sing the last song. During chorus, the Christmas Spirit waves wreath, Love sways her staff, Sprites sway ribbons, held in both hands, and children dance around tree.*)

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

1 Dance around the Christmas tree,
Little hearts brimful of glee,
'Tis the happiest day in all the happy year.
Now has dawned the Christmas Day,
To our (your) homes we (you) must away,
There to spread abroad the Merry Christmas Cheer.

Chorus

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Dance around the Christmas tree.
On the Merry Christmas Morn,
When the Holy Child was born,
All the children should be happy as can be.

2 Do you know the nicest way
You can keep the Christmas Day?
Listen! We will tell you just the thing to do.
Find some little child that's poor,
Fill its wee hands running o'er,
Let it share your pretty Christmas tree with you. *Cho.*

3 Christ in Bethlehem was born
Long ago on Christmas Morn,
In a manger rude He slept upon the hay.
And a gift to Him you make,
If you do it for His sake,
When you make some poor child happy Christmas Day. *Cho.*

(*At close of last chorus, poor children form line in front of tree, other girls behind it, tree showing, while Love and the Christmas Spirit stand*

in the background. The piano plays the verse and chorus again, poor children holding dolls over shoulders, patting them gently, through verse; hold them in both hands, and sway them to and fro, during chorus. Sprites (six in each side of platform) hold ribbons in both hands, left hand low, right hand high, and march in wheel to music. At close form tableau.)

TABLEAU

Sprites remain in wheels, look up.

Poor children clasp dolls tightly to brest, gaze at tree.

Other children gaze at them, hands clasped in joy.

Christmas Spirit and Love stand back of tree, on either side, and hold heart and wreath above it, while they smile at children.

Bells may chime behind scene.

(CURTAIN)

(If this is followed by a Christmas tree, let the gifts be taken from the tree by Love and the Christmas Spirit, and distributed by the Sprites.)

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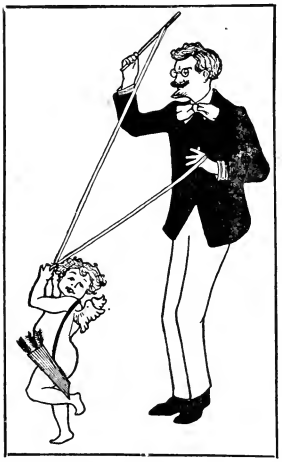
A Stimulator for Depleted Treasuries



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Professor Herr Lover, A little Anxious	*Tenor*	**Cast**	Ledgoline Topsee, A little High	*Soprano*
Xerxes Strong, A little Weak	*Bass*		Gracie Note, A little Light	*Alto*
F. Sharp, A little Blunt	*Baritone*		Addaline Crescendo, A little Swell	*Soprano*
Fillup Pipes, A little Big	*Baritone*		Miss Keys, A little Inattentive	*Pianist*
A. Dagio, A little Slow	*Bass*		Jim, The Janitor, A little Noisy	———
Prophundo Basso, A little Deep	*Bass*		CHORUS	

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THE RAG SOCIABLE. A quaint old fashioned entertainment which is always sure to please. Libretto by Edith S. Tillotson. Music by various Composers. The dialog is very spicy and interesting, and humor and pathos are beautifully blended in the various musical selections. The characters include Mrs. Winters and her two daughters Betsy and Maria, Miss Jemima Rush, Mrs. Bassett, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Salina Grey, the Allen twins (elderly), Mrs. Martha Ann Hall, Miss Eliza Hall, Mrs. Jane Tompkins and Amanda Tompkins. The list of characters may be extended ad lib. to meet local conditions.

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This composition consists of singing and dialog for each part and will serve to enliven any entertainment. The music is moderately easy, melodious and should be available in practically all communities. This work consists of some 12 pages in sheet music form. The story is as follows: A father, who objects to his daughter having a beau, believing that she is planning to elope with an unknown young man, advertises for a detective to ferret the matter out. The young lover answers the advertisement, and the father hires him to detect the culprit, promising to pay him "anything within reason." When the young lover's true identity is disclosed, he demands as his reward, for having detected himself, the hand of the daughter The irate father objects. The daughter eventually convinces him that true love was the real detective in the case, and the parental consent is given. Price, $1.50; 50 per cent discount.

THE OLD DISTRICT SCHOOL. A farce in two acts (new version). Book by Wm. Danforth. Music arr. by Geo. F. Rosche. This is a burlesque on the district school of 100 years ago. Ezekiel Simpkins, the teacher, is the central character His costume is a tight Prince Albert coat, with brass buttons, or a worn and faded "claw-hammer" coat, colored vest cut low; stock collar, with large black tie; trousers, "high-water," with a patch of other color on one knee; well-worn shoes. Bald gray wig and "side" whiskers The costumes of the pupils are in keeping with those of the teacher. The characters all read their lines from the book, so that there is very little to be memorized and for this reason this work can be prepared in a very short time. Price, postpaid, 50 cents per copy.

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THE VISION
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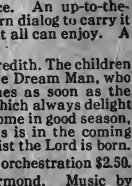

SANTA'S JOY FACTORY (New 1912). Text by Edith Sanford Tillotson. Music by I. H. Meredith. The plot is laid in "Santa's" workshop, which has for its motto "Joy for all Hearts". The various toys and dolls become for the time real live characters and take part in the cantata by dialog and song, to the amusement of both old and young. Prominent among these are the funny "Jack-in-the-Box", "The Noah's Ark Animals" and the "Little Japanese Dolls", with thee songs and sayings, while the charm of the "Negro Mammy's Lullaby" will linger long in the hearts of all who hear this delightful cantata. Price 25 cents, net, postpaid.

KORONATION OF KING KRIS KRINGLE. Libretto by Fred. Emerson Brooks. Music by I. H. Meredith. This cantata is especially commendable from both a literary and a musical standpoint. It is one of the best combinations of wit, humor and pathos that it is possible to find in any one cantata. One verse of the song entitled "The Spickety Man" will make everybody happy, while "Aunt Cloe" a characteristic negro mammy, helps to make every moment of the evening enjoyable, in witty sayings and humorous songs. Price, 20 cents net.

HOW SANTA CLAUS EXPLAINED. Libretto by Jean M. Thompson. Music by Carl F. Price. An up-to-the-minute cantata full of bright catchy songs and choruses with just enough laughable easy-to-learn dialog to carry it along. Be sure to examine this one if you would give the children an evenings entertainment that all can enjoy. A laugh on every page. Price, 25 cents, net, postpaid.

TO SANTA'S LAND WITH THE DREAM MAN. Libretto by Lizzie DeArmond. Music by I. H. Meredith. The children want to visit Santa Claus' Land, but not knowing the way are prevented until the coming of the Dream Man, who offers to lead them there and bring them back in safety the next morning. The Dream Man comes as soon as the children are asleep and with his help they cross the Bridge of Dreams, where they find the things which always delight the children's hearts in "Santa's Land". The Dream Man, true to his promise, brings them all home in good season, and as they cross again the Bridge of Dreams they awaken to the fact that the true joy of Christmas is in the coming of the Christ Child and not in Santa Claus after all. Closes with a song of rejoicing because Christ the Lord is born. With a little effort this can be made very beautiful. Price 25 cts., net, $3.00 per doz., postpaid. Full orchestration $2.50.

MOTHER GOOSE'S VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS. Libretto by Lizzie DeArmond. Music by I. H. Meredith. This cantata is sure to delight both old and young. Mother Goose as the chief character, and her retinue of relatives, take you on a charming visit to Santa Claus. This cantata has some decided musical hits, among which are the songs "I'm the Little Bird that Tells" (published also in sheet music form), "Old Dr. Foster", "Twinkling Stars", "Lazy Tom", "Song of the Snow Fairies", "We're the Dolls that Santa Left Behind", and closes with the beautiful chorus, "Hail, Father Santa Claus". Price 25 cents, net, postpaid.

IN WINTERLAND. Libretto by Lizzie DeArmond. Music by J. W. Lerman. King Winter rules in this cantata and with his willing subjects, "North Wind", "Jack Frost the Painter", "Frost Fairies", "Sunbeams", "Rain Drops", etc., etc., they weave a magic spell of joy about each heart at the Christmas season. It is principally a cantata of singing with just enough dialog or recitation to make it a connective whole. The musical numbers, "I'm Jack Frost the Painter", "Sleigh Bell Song", "Song of the Skaters" and "The Coasting Song" are decided hits. Santa Claus with his pack full of toys appears and sings one song, which could be omitted if no Santa Claus is desired. Price, 20 cents, net, postpaid.

JOLLY TIMES WITH THE SANTA CLAUS BAND. Libretto by Lizzie DeArmond. Music by I. H. Meredith. Santa Claus is accompanied by his band of ten boys who are full of fun and frolic, yet ever ready with a helping hand to assist old Santa in his efforts to bring good cheer to all.

Their "Jolly Time" is made more delightful by the coming of "The Eight Wind Fairies", "Grandfather Clock", "Eight Japanese Girls", "Postman", "Uncle Sam and Six Sailor Boys", "Columbia and Six Daughters", and numerous other original and interesting characters who take part in the festivities of the evening, which are climaxed by the closing chorus, "Hail the Gift of Love". Price, 25 cents, net, postpaid.

UNCLE SAM'S CELEBRATION. Libretto by Lizzie DeArmond. Music by I. H. Meredith and J. W. Lerman. Uncle Sam and Columbia have a jolly time celebrating the Christmas season, in which "Messenger Boys", "Telephone Girls", "Postmen", "Newsboys", "Bootblacks", "The Weather Bureau Man", "Indians" and various other well known characters take active part, principally in songs. There is very little dialog in this cantata, and NO SANTA CLAUS. Price, 25 cents, net, postpaid.

THE INTERRUPTED PROGRAM. Libretto by Elmer Ellsworth Higley. Music by I. H. Meredith. It tells of a school which started to render a Christmas program, but is always interrupted by some unexpected person or thing which prevents the rendering of the program as planned, but provides one as entertaining and helpful as can be planned with the talent you may have at your command. It lends itself to whatever conditions may prevail and is therefore adaptable to any school or community. Price 25 cents, net, postpaid.

A SURPRISE FOR SANTA CLAUS. Libretto by Edith Sanford Tillotson. Music by I. H. Meredith. In this cantata, Mother Goose acts as hostess, assisted by her company of helpers while Santa Claus, that "Busy, Busy Man", is the guest of the evening, and instead of having to entertain the company as Santa Claus is usually expected to do, he is invited to a comfortable seat and is royally entertained. This cantata contains only seven vocal numbers and is one of the easiest ones to produce we have in our list. The speaking parts are all interesting and easy to render. Price, 25 cents, net, postpaid.

YE THEEVING OF YE GOODE MYNCE PYE. Libretto by Josephine A. Van Tassel. Music by Alfred Lincoln Schultz. This cantata is designed as an entertainment FOR, rather than BY, the children. It is to be rendered by the young men and the young women of the church or school, although the children might be utilized by a good conductor in the choruses and minor parts. This is an old English story and told in old English vernacular. But little staging or costuming A charming entertainment and a delight to all who may hear it. Price 20 cents, net, postpaid.

JOHNNIE DOUBTER. Libretto by Fred Emersom Brooks. Music by I. H. Meredith and Grant Colfax Tullar. The plot is so original, the characters so natural, the lesson so pointed and withal so beautiful that there is a charm about this cantata seldom found in such works. Yes, there is a "Santa Claus" in spite of "Johnnie's" doubts, but in this cantata he is so wholesome and so true to the highest ideals of what he should be that every "Johnnie Doubter" is bound to admit his presence at the Christmas season. Price, 25 cents per copy, net, postpaid.